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SECRETS OF MASONRY.

It has been hinted by some insidious and malevolent characters who are excluded from the secrets of freemasonry, that, therefore, such society cannot be good. "If," say they, "their meetings be for the promotion of probity and virtue, why are there so many secrets?" Nothing but what is mischievous, they think, is ever concealed.

The philosophers of old, informed us, that to be secret (or silent) was to be wise. None but fools babble, wise men keep their counsel. This is surely verified in the present times; and I am certain if the world had been acquainted with the mysteries of freemasonry, notwithstanding the many excellencies it possesses it would not have been in existence now; for, seeing that by secrecy, friendship is proved, so by secrecy friends are united. It is the chain which unites our hearts and affections; and without which there can be no honour. When friends part they should faithfully lock up in their hearts each other's secrets, and exchange keys.

But why is it supposed that secrets imply some mischievous, or unworthy designs? Are there not secrets in every family? and why not in a society? Does not a member thereby feel himself secure? and is he not, through this decorum, enabled to relate any misfortune which he would be very loth to advertise the public of? Secrecy is the union of hearts; and the more

important the secrets, the greater is his confidence who imparts them: the greater his honour who preserves them

The utility of having secrets in a society is to prove by secrecy, that the members thereof are men of probity, truth, and honour; who can withstand all inducements to violation of a trust, and prove themselves above deceit, and too strong for temptation.

We are told that there are secrets above. Many of the divine determinations no man knoweth, *not even the angels, which are in heaven!* And seeing that we are enjoined to be secret even in charity, there is, to use a common phrase, much virtue in secrecy. Why then attribute to the arcana of freemasonry aught that is improper or unjust, when the most noble of all virtues, may, for aught they know, be included among those secrets?

In order to prove the utility of secrecy. I shall here delineate two characters, which form a perfect contrast: Tom Tattle and Jack Wary.

Tom is a wild, unthinking fellow, so much addicted to loquacity, that, if intrusted with a secret, he would die, if he did not tell it immediately. Indeed Tom Tattle could never keep his own secrets: the consequences of such imprudence have frequently been fatal. He once lost a place by too freely and unguardedly communicating his intention, and the source of his interest, by which means he was supplanted. Another time he lost a mistress by expatiating upon her charms and discovering that she had a fortune. Such attractions induced one of the many to whom he imparted *this secret*, to become acquainted with the lady, and poor Tom was again supplanted! This imprudent confidence has likewise subjected him to much ridicule; his disappointments being always the more mortifying, as they were consequently known to his friends, who, according to custom, forbore not to deride the man, who could not be silent till he had an occasion to speak. Misfortunes are rendered double by becoming public. Thus it is with Tom Tattle: he goes to let them know that he intends to wait on my lord to morrow, to ask such a favour. To morrow comes; and he is obliged to

confess his lordship refused him. Whenever any one, according to the usual phrase, and as a prelude to some discovery, says, CAN YOU BE SECRET? The question hurts his pride, and he promises to be as silent as the grave; but his tongue like the tombstone, tells every passer-by what the contents are. This has brought poor Tom into many scrapes; he has been obliged to fight several duels; but, till shot through the head, he will never be able to keep a secret.

Not so with Jack Wary. He is so exceedingly cautious and reserved, that all his actions are to himself only. No one knows how much he owes, nor how much is due to him; yet Jack can be communicative at times; it is not, however, to Tom Rattle, that he would impart any of his secrets, but to one of his own stamp, who can be equally prudent, and reserved.

Such is the character of Jack, that his friendship is universally courted. He is never involved in any quarrel; he never offends; he never breaks his word; and, as he troubles no one with his own affairs, of course he escapes all the sarcastic rubs of his neighbours. Notwithstanding, Jack can be on some occasions inquisitive, he will be curious when he means to be of service, and officious when anxious to perform the task of friendship. In this instance, curiosity is laudable, though for the most part reprehensible.

These two characters were proposed to a lodge for admission. Tom, as it may be naturally concluded, was rejected; while Jack, on account of his well-known prudence and integrity, was immediately admitted: he soon arrived to the honor of becoming master, and met with the warm approbation of his brethren.

FROM THE MASONIC REGISTER.

The following short address was delivered, by W. P. M. JOHN W. PURDY, on his being elected master of Solomon's lodge, No. 209, in the year 5821, and is now published at the particular request of a number of the brethren.

Being elected to preside over a lodge of free and accepted masons, I shall endeavor to sketch, in as short a manner as possible, the history of that mystery, which has been handed down inviolably, from time immemorial; though in the practice of its sacred rites, it has too often been contaminated.

In the first creation of the heavens and the earth, there is no particular description in the sacred volume; but there is enough however, to substantiate the important truth, that all things were created by an all-wise and *Omnipotent Being*. The earth, subsequent to the creation, was a dark and shapeless mass of matter; but every thing was brought into organization at the sovereign command of that *Almighty Power* who said, "let there be light, and there was light." Then beauty appeared, and the heavens shone forth in splendour. The congregated floods beneath, retired to their beds, and the dry land was crowned with a rich profusion of herbage, fruits, and flowers.

Thus, by the influence of the Eternal Spirit, man was created, formed of the dust of the earth, and received the breath of life; or in other words immortality: in consequence of which, "*man became a living soul.*" The heavens and the earth were finished in the space of six days, when that which at first was no other than a confused chaos, exhibited an exquisite and beautiful system. The adorable *Architect* himself, pronounced it very good, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. This is emblematical of freemasonry, because all were united in one glorious plan, which made the heavens to resound with joy.

We have undoubted proof, that from the creation of the world, freemasonry had its origin. It is said that masonry and geometry are synonymous terms, because they show the unison and symmetry of parts; which reminds us of that great *Architect* who forms the whole, and to whom adoration is due. We have no reason to doubt but masonry had its origin with the creation; but it has been handed down in an obscure manner from that time to the flood, and we surely ought not to doubt, but Noah had the grand secret. After the flood, in the dark ages of antiquity, it shone but faintly; but as soon as arts and sciences began to flourish, then masonry began to shine in its lustre. The

good, and the great, acknowledge this. We find, that from Moses, and even before, it shone at times, in its genuine light. In Genesis xiii, 8, we find that "Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife. I pray thee, between me, and thee, and between my herdmen, and thy herdmen, for we be brethren." And in the twenty first chapter, that "Abimelech and Abraham made a covenant. We also find much said on the subject from the twenty second to the twenty sixth chapters inclusive; and in the thirty-first chapter, Laban says to Jacob, "Now, therefore, come thou, let us make a covenant, I and thou; and let it be for a witness between me and thee."

Many more quotations could be made of the like nature but I pass on.

In David's time, many pledges and covenants were made, but particularly between David and Jonathan, who made a covenant, and I conclude that no one knows the conditions of that covenant, but a just, free and accepted mason. King Saul also made covenants with David, and as often broke them; and for his own unfaithfulness fell by his own sword.

When King Solomon ascended the throne, masonry appeared in greater beauty. Hiram king of Tyre, sent his servants to King Solomon for Hiram was ever a lover of David. No doubt this was to know if he should be found worthy. 1 Kings, v, 12, "And the Lord gave Solomon wisdom, as he promised him; and there was peace between Hiram and Solomon and they made a league together!" That league is handed to us inviolate, and I wish that all who are found worthy may be steadfast.

In the structure of that great building, the temple, where so many workmen of every description, were placed in such a manner that no confusion, not even a hammer or chissel, or any thing made of iron was heard, we are shown, that we, as masons, must endeavour to imitate those workmen, where so much harmony prevailed; to cut, carve, and hew; and likewise to bear burdens of humility, that we may have a part in that temple, not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens.

Freemasonry harmonizes all mankind and makes one equal with another; whether they be kings or princes, or even the

greatest potentates on earth, they must come down to the level with their subjects. Those living in the wilds of Siberia, and the wild Arab, that roves in the deserts of Africa, can meet and hail one another as brothers. The sword will be sheathed, and the javelin fall to the dust. In short, freemasonry entertains the stranger, and sends not the needy away empty. It holds forth the hand of relief to the widow, and helps to feed the fatherless with bread, and above all, it assists in wiping away the tear of the orphan.

TO THE BROTHERS OF THIS LODGE.

As you have elected me to preside over this body, I accept the office with diffidence, knowing my inability to perform so important a task; but I shall, however, endeavour to discharge that duty, as far as it lies in my power, hoping to receive your generous assistance. May we conduct ourselves, not only as masons in name, but as masons in very deed; aid and assist each other in passing through this rugged path of mortality, not forgetting, in all cases, to endeavor to do as we would be done by, so that when we have finished the several parts assigned us in this world, and when we shall leave this transitory life, we may meet in the bright regions of eternal bliss, and there sit down in brotherly love, singing praises to God, and the Lamb, and to him that sitteth on the throne, forever, and forever.

AN ORATION

*Pronounced before the Masonic Fraternity in Versailles, Kentucky,
December 27, 1821 by Brother ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE.*

BRETHREN AND FELLOW CITIZENS.

There exists in the human mind a sentiment of elevated and instinctive admiration for the stern and more lofty virtues of our nature. Thus, when we contemplate the ardent patriotism of Epaminondas, breathing as it were, along the line of his embattled countrymen; or the brave Leonidas, erecting his stately form in defiance of the storm of war; or the venerated Regulus, the destinies of contending empires resting on his nod, returning amid the agonised entreaties of his afflicted country-

men to Carthage, to death, our minds are filled with high emotion, and we catch with enthusiastic avidity, the inspiration of their virtues. There is something in the splendour of vast achievements that dazzles and bewitches; there is something in the pomp of successful ambition which pours a tide of delusive joy over the human heart. Yet when we calmly investigate the deeds which attach such apparent dignity to the hero's death, or shed such a lustre around the patriot's career, shall we not often find them cruel, bloody and unchristian? Alas! what is the hero's fame but the wreck of human existence? Or, on what so frequently as the ruins of other nations, does the patriot erect the proud fabric of his own? Far different are the achievements, which we are this day met to celebrate. The path of virtue is that of obscurity, and quietness and peace. The light which shines along its rugged steep, unlike the meteor glories of the world, which dazzle to mislead us, and shine the big test on the eve of their extinction, is steady and eternal. It enters the soul, and expands and elevates it to a region where the voice of human vanity is mute, and human splendours are but darkness.

This is the natal day of Saint John the Evangelist. We are met to commemorate the birth and usefulness of one of the greatest benefactors of our species; one of the chosen messengers of Heaven; the tenderest friend of the Saviour; the favourite disciple of our Lord. What more shall we say of him? Follow him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune; mark the depth of his self devotion; the simplicity and dignity of his character; the sublimity of his conceptions; follow him through the splendours of his apocalyptic vision; then view him reposing on the bosom of his Master, and receiving at the cross the tenderest legacy which the heart has to bequeath, and at every incident of his long life does not the heart leap with a prouder throb when we hail him as a brother and patron of our order? What has been said of his great cotemporary, may, with equal truth, be said of St. John. His powerful and diversified character seems to have combined the separate excellencies of all the other sacred writers:—the loftiness of Isaiah; the devotion of David; the pa-

thos of Jeremiah; the vehemence of Ezekiel; the didactive gravity of Moses; the elevated morality and practical sense of St. James; the noble energies and burning zeal of St. Peter added to the strong argumentative powers, depth of thought, and intensity of feeling, which so peculiarly distinguished the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Never was there a man more eminently fitted to combat the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and to fill the glorious destiny which awaited him.

He who delineates the character of our existing and splendid institution, is placed in the same situation with him who writes the biography of a living individual. Distinctive qualities cannot, indeed, be invented, nor the current of actions diverted from its channel; but every virtue may be made to shine with a lustre not its own; every excellence may be magnified; every imperfection veiled and the little importending rill, which wandered in silence through the mead, may become, if we accept the enthusiastic testimony of the admirer who traced its course, a majestic river, on whose broad bosom the wealth of nations floats. If, on the contrary we view the picture as drawn by an enemy, we scarce recognize in the gloomy colouring and furrowed lines of the distorted countenance, the least resemblance to those features which affection has engraven on our hearts. Prejudice has discoloured, or passion extinguished the spring-blossom of their beauty; and though a faint likeness may be perceived, all the loveliness which endeared them to us is gone. It is one of the merciful effects of decay, that it scatters a benevolence of recollection around the objects which are subjected to its remorseless influence. It not only melts down prejudices, and extinguishes animosities, but it gives to affection itself a deeper tone of tenderness. It sheds a moon light glory over its dominions, pale and pure, more serene and lovely than the flood of splendour poured from the meridian sun of life. That which is illuminated appears softer than when viewed in a stronger ray, while whatever was obscure or unsightly, sinks into masses of shadow which the eye cannot penetrate, and which, while they conceal the deformity, give a character, a deeper solemnity to the whole scenery, and afford a pleasing contrast to the

mild light which sleeps upon it. Such are the more obvious difficulties which present themselves in the investigation before us. We profess not to be entirely free from their influence.

The science of masonry consists of three departments, each in its nature distinct from the rest, yet all most intimately and beautifully connected. These departments are its symbols, its mysteries, and its principles. This is a distinction which, though not always made by masons themselves, is not only intelligible, but absolutely necessary to the correct understanding of the scope and design of the institution. Before the invention of letters, the knowledge of important events was preserved from generation to generation by oral tradition. But the manifest danger that facts might be distorted, and concomitant circumstances embellished by the fancy or prejudices of those through whom they were transmitted, pointed out the necessity of some more precise and restricted method for their communication. Hence the use among all rude nations of symbolical figures. In the first dawns of civilization, those representations were usually taken from the simplest and most common objects with which savages are conversant. As nations advanced in improvement, we find the more obvious principles of science, and the implements of their practical use, made subservient to the design of perpetuating the knowledge they possessed. Thus astronomy, agriculture and architecture, have afforded materials for the most copious symbolic languages. From this latter are mostly drawn the hieroglyphics of masonry, which constitute the most perfect system of the kind, of which any knowledge has been preserved. Their design is two-fold; through them has been transmitted to us the most important occurrences in the history of our order; and they afford besides the most beautiful illustrations of the precepts it inculcates, and the duties it enforces. Whence may be seen their intimate connection in one of their uses with the mysteries, and the other with the principles of the institution. The former can be known to masons only; the latter is ably explained in most of the numerous publications which have treated of the subject. Of the mysteries of masonry it is necessary to say but little. Their design must be known to all. They are the cord which binds us indissolubly to each

other. It is by them that every mason must vindicate to himself the rights and privileges of the order, and the peculiar immunities of each particular degree which he may claim to possess. It is by their agency that we have been preserved, as we believe, from the foundation of the world, but as can be clearly proved, from the days of Solomon, a distinct and peculiar class. They constitute a science the most varied and beautiful, each degree complete in itself, yet the union of all forming a most symmetric whole. They resemble the union of every colour in a ray of light. When we reflect on their importance to the craft; on the millions of human beings of every generation, who have been members of the order, and on the strong communicative propensity of the species, we may be surprised that greater interest and anxiety are not evinced by the craft generally when the strong probability of their revelation is urged. This apparent apathy arises from the conviction that such suggestions are vain and false. The disclosure of the minutest mysteries of the order, would exhibit a degree of desperate and short sighted villany but rarely to be found in the history of mankind. There is also another consideration which tends to produce the same effect. Mysteriously as our secrets have been preserved, and important as it certainly is, that the knowledge of them should be confined to the members of the institution; its gradations of distinction and of skill, would render the disclosure of many of them much less ruinous than is generally imagined. He who is possessed of the mysteries of the one, or even of several degrees of masonry, is no more a mason than an acquaintance with a few of the simplest mathematical axioms, confers a knowledge of the stupendous operations of that boundless science, or than the smattering a few sentences of unintelligible jargon, can give a just perception of the rich and exhaustless beauties which the stores of classical literature unfold.

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those which tend to inform us of the character and design of those institutions which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could exert much influence over their happiness. Nor can we, in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles

by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our controul, a scrutiny of the causes which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of their general result. Fortunately in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult attainment. The principles of masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the successive revelations which the Almighty has been pleased to make us of his will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hallowed volume of inspiration is the depository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensations of life; to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley the of shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

The effects of such an institution upon society at large, and upon the individual happiness of men, cannot avoid being permanent and useful. That which exists only by system and order, cannot encourage confusion and insubordination, unless by the vilest species of moral suicide. That which seizes hold on the strongest and tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and wields them through a succession of years and of honours by the most powerful impulses which are known to our nature, must by the plainest law of our intellectual constitution, strengthen our virtuous affections, and vastly increase the desire and facilities of knowledge. If this be to dupe and to degrade mankind, then were our revilers right to spurn and to despise us. But if we direct you to all the lessons of the past, and show you that government itself has derived its firmest support from those virtues which we most especially inculcate; if we point you to the smiles of the helpless; the benedictions of the widow, and the rich tribute of the orphan's tears cheering us on our way, then may we condemn the ignorance which derides us, and look for-

ward with confidence to the track of glory which will illuminate our course, when the childish virulence of Rob nson. and the learned malice of Baruel shall be buried amid the rubbish of a barbarous antiquity.

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy and freedom, enlightened one Continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benign influence around the rising glories of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the minutest ingredient of an atom, up through all the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate, as we say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time, and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Maro, and Tacitus, and Tully exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption hug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy! The canvass glowed beneath the pencil of Apollos, and the marble breathed beneath the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios, were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Ceta. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tempe no longer resound to the Muses' song, or Apollo's lyre. The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa: Thebes has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus. Mycenæ no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippi could not learn even from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Parnassus, are crumbled into dust: Platœa has forgotten the triumph of Pausanias, and the sea of Marmora that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves!

Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects which would seem from their nature, less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism. Not so with masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chases wave upon the bosom of the deep until it dashes against the shore, and is seen no more. Thus our order has withstood the concussions of a thousand generations. The billows of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury around its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamant column will stand unshaken throughout all the revolutions of the ages which are to come; or should it fall, crushed beneath the weight of its own incumbent magnificence, it will carry with it in its ruin, half the happiness and half the wisdom of mankind. When the Eternal shall wipe from existence the little planet we inhabit—when he shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls that have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consummated in the glories of measureless eternity!

Such is a brief outline of our institution, which, from its remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which are transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the temple of our order. A superficial view of the Cartoons of Raphael will not bring the observer acquainted with the style of that great master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pencil, and have all therefore a correspondent style,

they cannot be judged of one by the other; but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude in which it can be viewed is striking and magnificent; but every change of situation produces a correspondent change of appearance. To those who are not masons we would say—study well its graceful proportions, its imposing aspect, its rich and gorgeous decorations—Every view will afford a lesson for future practice. Here the natural and dignified simplicity; the exquisite symmetry of Doric architecture, solicits your admiration: there you behold the richer Ionic drawn, as we are told, from the matchless proportions of Diana, and made immortal by being used in her Ephesian temple. Moving on, you may contemplate the plain and solid strength of the Tuscan; the rude magnificence of the Gothic, and the light and graceful proportions, the delicate and rich decorations of the beautiful Corinthian.

Brethren and Companions,

To you we would say, enter the expanded portals of our consecrated dome. Contemplate with awe and admiration the splendours which surround you. Remember that you stand upon holy ground, and amid the labors of the best and wisest of mankind. The accumulated trophies of countless generations lie open before you. All that is lovely in nature; all that is beautiful in art; all that genius could create or skill embody, solicits your admiration, and urges you to advance.—Pause not with heathen indifference at the vestibule, but prosecute your search through the glittering apartments, until you shall arrive at the Holy of Holies, and gaze undazzled upon its flood of glory. Each step you advance will afford you a richer theme for admiration; a stronger inducement to virtue, an undiscovered source of usefulness and knowledge! May your lives “become beautiful as the temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as its most holy place. May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering.” May your exercises of charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow, and helpless orphan. May the approbation of Heaven be your

encouragement, and the testimony of a good conscience your support. May you be endowed with every good and perfect gift, while travelling the rugged path of life, and finally admitted within the veil of Heaven to the full enjoyment of life eternal!" So mote it be. Amen.

EXTRACT

From an Address on the Great Principles of Masonry, delivered at the request of Lexington Lodge, No. 1, by Brother BENNETT P. SANDERS.

As Masons we are called upon more forcibly than any other class of men, to exhibit to the world a sober, virtuous, moral, and exemplary life. This duty is imposed upon us from the fact that every well informed and liberal minded citizen is willing to do us the justice of believing and acknowledging, that the original objects of our institution are of a highly interesting, important, and useful tendency. They see enough of the consequences of masonry and its acknowledged influence upon society, to induce them to draw this conclusion. But on the contrary, by a portion of our fellow citizens, who are unfortunately deeply mantled in ignorance, and whose understandings are warped by prejudice, masonry is often looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a sort of *ignis fatuus*, serving only to lead its devoted victim into ultimate immorality, ruin and death.

We alone are able justly to appreciate the high and inestimable value of this our mystic institution, and as the uninitiated have no other criterion by which to judge of our usefulness and worth, except a view of our conduct, we are imperiously called upon to let our light shine as the meridian brightness of the sun, so that the world may be constrained to do that justice to the *great principles* of the order, to which they are so justly and so deservedly entitled. The world will ever be inclined to esteem and value even mystery itself; if its good principles are exhibited in the character and conduct of its votaries; if their walk be regulated by the *square* of virtue and the *compasses* of reason,

for in this case mankind will be compelled to honor, value and respect it.

With what caution and vigilance then should we guard the avenue of admission, and oppose the introduction of unprofitable members to the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges among us! Had none but the meritorious, and such as are duly prepared and qualified, been introduced, masonry would have been saved many a severe curse, which has been pronounced against her mysterious ceremonies, and her votaries preserved from much censure and persecution. The tongue of slander would scarcely have dared to utter a word against us; the foul breath of envy could not have tarnished the bright escutcheon of our reputation; but sorry I am to say, this is not the pleasing fact. The door of admission has been too frequently and too widely opened, and I fear that sometimes even the most corrupt have not only been permitted, but invited and solicited to enter, without being convinced of the sacred purity of our rites or of the highly interesting solemnities which should always pervade the truly masonic atmosphere around our consecrated retreat.

Brethren, I came up to night, not to flatter but fearlessly to place before you, for your serious contemplation, a lamentable truth; I came up, not for the purpose of soothing and lulling to sleep by bidding the craft to fold their arms, and remain in contented security, for that all is well with us. I came for the purpose of awakening and stirring up that spirit of reform, which has been so long and so loudly demanded at our hands: I came up not to praise or rejoice, but to mourn: and at the same time fearlessly and independently to point you to the causes which have largely contributed to the injury of the order.

The masonic society, in its ancient and original purity, was in reality what it now is only in name. Then no unworthy or impious foot was permitted to step upon the masonic pavement, none but those who were emphatically prepared to "understand and pronounce the shibboleth of masonry," and if perchance either through duplicity or stratagem, any others should gain admittance and dare contaminate its consecrated ground, the alarm was instantly given; traitor, imposter, unworthy hypocrite, were loudly re-echoed by every faithful sentinel, and the unworthy

member was recognized as a disturber of their peace and harmony, and immediately cast over amongst the filth and rubbish. Such, my brethren, were the bright prospects and the unsullied purity of ancient freemasonry, when none were permitted to participate in the enjoyment of its sublime mysteries but the truly meritorious; and such would be its present condition and influence upon society, did we use similar vigilance, and exercise similar independence. But brethren, is this the fact? is such our vigilance in the admission of members? is such our masonic freedom, and independence in reproof severely, though justly; in chastising acts of profanity, drunkenness, and every other species of immorality? For the want of independence, and by the continuance of such characters among us, the beauty the harmony, and the usefulness of the whole masonic fabric, has been materially injured.

Seeing then our society is suffering, let us be diligent, faithful, independent, and honest to ourselves, and to the interests of the craft, which have been committed to our trust; thus we shall redeem masonry from the numerous objections, and foul charges, under which she at present rests, and ever will rest until her faithful members shall become regular in their attendance, and interested in her success, scrutinizing and reproofing the conduct of the members, and determined to raise their hand and voice against the admission of any one who, upon the "application of the plumb line, stands not upright before God and man." It is by the introduction of such strangers among us that our ancient and honourable institution has fallen into such disrepute with the pious and candid. Let our future course of conduct then be such as to silence the tongue of slander.

Is one of our members dishonest in his principles? unjust in his dealings? profane in his language? and loose in his moral conduct? he not only darkens the prospect of his brethren, but degrades the institution in the eyes of the world. Is he intemperate? he disgusts all his sober brethren, and diminishes the value of the craft. Is he a despiser and mocker of that holy religion on which we depend for all our sanctions while sojourning in the lodge below, and which furnishes to us all our hopes and prospects in that Grand Lodge, for which we are all candidates? if

so, he is no mason, and why call him one? if so on where are your boasted morality, virtue, and the fruit of a well regulated life? for says the world and justly too, where are the boasted piety and religion which your society proposes to instill?

To conclude,—in order to convince the world of the correctness of our tenets, let us practice what we profess. If not, let the world know in an official character that the lodge is dissatisfied with such conduct. Let us scrutinize the character of every member, and let our threshold be tyed by the sword of justice, freely drawn against the admission of every unworthy candidate, order it to reprove and severely chastise, and lop off every unprofitable and withering branch which has been incautiously inoculated into the great branch of masonry. Thus shall our institution and its votaries, as was its original intention, be prepared by a course of virtue and honour to receive that ineffable degree of *life everlasting*. Amen.

ODE TO MASONRY.

BY BROTHER A NICHOLS, JUN.

Hail sons of light and Masonry,
United, happy, social, free,
Your mystic square shall ever be
The seat of peace and innocence!

While virtue has a friend below,
Or tears for others' griefs shall flow,
So long shall man delight to know,
Blest royal art, thy secret worth!

While wisdom, strength or beauty charms,
Friendship or love the bosom warms,
Thy faithful sons from care's alarms
Shall walk secure in paths of peace!

While pure religion calms the soul,
Subjects the passions to control,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Millions shall hail Freemasonry!

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, for the state of Connecticut, holden at Masons' Hall in the city of Hartford, on the 14th day of May, A L 5823; the M. W. Lyman Law having expressed his desire to retire from the duties of the chair; officers for the year ensuing were duly elected and installed—*viz*:

M W	Ralph I. Ingersoll,	G Master
R W	Ebenezer Goodrich, jun	D G Master
" "	Daniel B. Brinsmade,	G Senior Warden
" "	Thomas K. Bruce,	G Junior Warden
" "	Laban Smith,	G Treasurer.
" "	Wm H Jones,	Grand Secretary.
" "	Jeremy L. Cross, and	} 3 Lecturers
" "	Nathan Johnson,	
" "	James Carrington,	G Senior Deacon.
" "	James M. Goodwin,	G Junior Deacon.
" "	Rev Menzies Rayner,	G Chaplain.
" "	Darius Higgins,	Grand Tyler

Two Petitions—one for a new Lodge in the city of New Haven, and one for a new Lodge in Winsted Society in the town of Winchester, severally received the approbation of the Grand Lodge, and warrants of installation will be directed to issue accordingly.

Attest, WILLIAM H. JONES, *G. Secretary.*

GRAND CHAPTER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

At an adjourned communication of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of South Carolina, held at companion Seyle's room, on Wednesday evening, the 26th March, 1823, the following companions were duly elected officers:

M. E. John R. Poinsett,	G. H. P.	William Waller,	G. T.
E. R. Maynard,	D G H P.	H. G. Street,	G. Sec.
E. J. R. Rogers,	G K.	S Seyle,	G M.
E. J. Bryce,	(Columbia)	G. S J. Roche,	G. O. D. C.

OFFICERS

Of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, elected 2d Wednesday in June, 5322.

- M W Joshua Darling, G Master
 R W Samuel Larkin, Deputy G Master
 R W Harrison G Harris }
 Thomas S Bowles } DisD eputy
 Horace Chase } Grand Masters
 James F. Dana }
 Frederick A Summer, Senior Grand Warden
 Jonathan Nye, Junior Grand Warden
 Abel Hutchins, Grand Treasurer
 Thomas Reede, Grand Secretary
 R W & Rev. John L Blake } Grand Chaplains.
 John Lawton }
 R W Matthew Perkins, Grand Marshal
 Artemas Rogers, Senior Grand Deacon
 Enoch Darling, Junior Grand Deacon
 Charles Flanders, Grand Pursuivant.
 Stephen Blanchard, Jr }
 Godfrey Stevens } Grand Lecturers.
 Joseph W White }
 Thomas Clapham }
 Jonathan Aiken }
 Isaac Hill }
 Lyman B Walker } Grand Stewards.
 John D. Abbot, }
 Thomas B White }
 David Hale }
 R W Aquilla Davis, Grand Sword Bearer
 R W James Poole, Grand Master of Ceremonies
 Br. Joshua Whittier, Grand Tyler

The General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, will hold their next Septennial meeting in the city of New York, September, 1826.

- M E Dewitt Clinton of New-York, G G H P
 E Henry Fowle of Massachusetts, D G G H P
 John Snow of Ohio, G G King
 Philip P. Eckel of Maryland, G G Scribe
 Peter Grinnell of Rhode Island, G G Treasurer
 John Abbot of Massachusetts, G G Secretary
 Jonathan Nye of New-Hampshire, G G Chaplain.
 David G. Cowan of Kentucky, G G. Marshal.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Extracts from a discourse delivered at the Seminary Hall in Saugus, Mass. January 15. 1823, by the Rev. Joseph Emerson.

And the Lord God said, "It is not good that man should be alone. I will make him a help meet for him;" a help that shall be exactly suited to his noble nature, his exalted views, his pursuits and his wishes.

If Adam had merely wished for a toy to amuse his vacant hours, the ape, the coney, the squirrel or the bird of Paradise, might have answered the purpose. Had he desired a slave, the whole creation was at his feet. It was a very different object, that could satisfy and delight his expanded and elevated soul. He wished for a companion, a rational companion whom he could respect as a "sister spirit;" whom he could love as a dearer self; a rational companion, whose very soul could mingle with his own; who could attend and aid him in his addresses to God, and exalt still higher his highest strains of praise; a rational companion, who could counsel and instruct him, as well as receive with gratitude his instructions and counsels; a helper indeed, who would delight to aid him in the great business of time, and the vast concerns of eternity. Such a help the Lord God was pleased to form for Adam, from the very substance of himself. She was bone of his bones, and flesh of his flesh, dust of the earth doubly refined, twice purified by the divine Artificer, the last and crowning work of God; formed, not indeed from the head of man, to domineer over him, nor from his feet, to be trampled in the dust, but from the very vicinity of his heart, to be his affectionate, beloved and respectable companion. Such, we may reasonably suppose, was woman, before she fell when the all bounteous Creator presented her to Adam to crown and consummate his felicity, to add new freshness to the flowers of Eden, new softness to the moon, and new glories to the sun.

Such should her daughters be. Then, indeed, would they be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Such, I trust, at some future period, they will be. And may we not cherish the delightful hope, that the period is not remote? Different, indeed will they be, from the present generation of females. I am far from denying, however, that there are now in the world, many, very many, excellent women, who are the glory of the human race; who appear as suns, as constellations of virtue, in the female hemisphere. The light, which in all directions they are continually radiating, or rather reflecting from the Sun of Righteousness, is most auspicious. We hail it as the dawn of a brighter day. Yet comparatively speaking, they are few, very few, probably not the ten thousandth part of their sex. It is our ardent wish and unwavering confidence, that all may be such—such, and more. Probably the most illustrious has not yet attained the degree of excellence, which, at some future period, the least worthy will possess.

O what a treasure does that man possess, who has such a female for a companion his dearest friend! To her he can safely confide the inmost secrets of his heart. “She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.” And how vast will be the amount of all the good she will do him! This, it may transcend the ability of angels to compute.

What are the qualifications, which females need, in order thus to shine and bless? It is manifest, that they must gain solid improvements; that they must possess substantial and durable virtues. None of them must any longer content themselves with walking in a vain show. A few external accomplishments; a slight and very superficial acquaintance with a dozen branches of instruction, never designed to be practical—instruction, that has little or no tendency to correct the morals, improve the habits, to mend the heart or ennoble the mind—all this will not suffice. We must no longer be amused and deceived with trifles, which do not profit. But shall all female accomplishments be proscribed? By no means. So far from this, it is exceedingly desirable, that our daughters should be accomplished in the highest degree; that they should become the ornaments of creation; that they should receive the most delicate and exquis-

ite polish, that means can give; that they should become the ornaments of the universe the jewels of heaven. But let their minds be first consolidated. Solid substances receive the best polish. In vain will you attempt to give a permanent polish to the foam that floats and whirls upon the little eddy, however it may sparkle and dazzle. Let our daughters be accomplished, as much as you please; the more the better; only let their accomplishments be united with substantial improvements; with useful acquisitions. Let them be accomplished readers, accomplished writers, accomplished grammarians, accomplished reasoners; let them be accomplished in conversation, in every branch of literature, which they will probably have occasion to use; especially let them be accomplished in *domestic philosophy*, in the skilful, judicious and dexterous performance of domestic duties; above all let them be accomplished Christians. It is an infinite mistake, to think that the Gospel requires them to be uncivil, rude, coarse, vulgar, gloomy, morose or unseemly. Let them be kind, gentle, easy, unaffected, graceful, in all their actions; but do not attempt to refine their nonsense, to polish their vanities, or varnish their follies. Do not attempt to polish the weeds and brambles that grow with such luxuriance in the garden of depravity. Let it be remembered, that folly is folly, and sin is sin, however gracefully they may be committed.

After speaking of health, strength and vigor of the constitution, the author proceeds—

Still more important is it, that she should possess vigor of mind and intellectual improvement. Though corporeal powers are by no means to be despised, yet surely the mind is the nobler part. Wisdom is better than strength. By bodily perfections, she is allied to the animal tribe; by the powers of her mind, to man, to angels, and to God. In the image of God, was she created; and though fallen, she retains something of that image still. Surely it is important, that the nobler powers and faculties by which she is so exalted in the scale of being, should be cultivated and improved to the utmost. Highly important is it, that she should be able to think, to reason, to investigate, “to look through nature up to nature’s God.” Without reasoning, she seems little more than an automaton, or a domestic animal.

She needs the power of habitual reasoning, to enable her to guide the house with discretion, and look well to the ways of her family. Without reasoning, she will be able to make improvement in nothing; she will dudge through the same dull round of operations, like a mere beast of burden.* Without thought, reflection, and reasoning, her conversation will be little more than the prating of a parrot. Without the power of reasoning, she will not be prepared to appear with advantage, at the head of a family, at the head of a school, in the social circle, nor in any place, where any thing is to be said, or any thing is to be done, which is the least deviation from the common course. Surely no one can doubt that every intellectual power and faculty of the female, should be unfolded and improved to the greatest possible degree.

JUSTINA OR THE WILL.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

A religious novel, under the above title, has just been issued from the press by Mr Charles Wiley, of New-York. "A religious novel!" some may exclaim, and on glancing at the notes continue: "why it appears so full of preaching, and all about the doctrine of the Trinity, and atonement, and a renewal of heart, and all such matters as are to be found in sermons and books of devotion." Now this is true to a certain extent, but we believe there is a class of readers and we trust a very numerous, and respectable one too, who will not be displeased with the work on that account, provided they shall find these high and holy subjects introduced and treated of in a suitable manner. We have read the book with interest—indeed, the interest which is awakened in the first chapters is continued and sustained admirably well, with a few exceptions throughout the work. The style is easy and generally happy; but when the

*Let not this be thought a reflection upon all who have not been favored with literary advantages. There are good reasoners, who do not know the meaning of the word *logic*, and scarcely ever saw the inside of a school-house. What would they have been, had they enjoyed early opportunities of regularly improving their superior powers of mind?

authoress touches the pathetic it is not unfrequently eloquently beautiful. The authoress possesses great power over the feelings, and sometimes we are inclined to think avails herself too unsparingly of that ascendancy. Her primary object is *usefulness*. Justina, the heroine, loses her mother at a very early period, a short time previous to which event her father is unfortunate in business, and though one of the most opulent merchants in New York is reduced to poverty by the mismanagement or fraud of his agents in London. Shortly after the death of his wife he repairs to London to settle his affairs and takes with him his little Justina. He there becomes her only instructor in literature and religion. He is not only a merchant, but a scholar, and his character is that of a truly pious man. His conduct in the settlement of his affairs, as well as in superintending her education proves the principle by which he is actuated to be a *vital* principle; and so far as his practice was concerned, he manifests a belief that "faith without works is dead." After a residence of nine years in England, during which he succeeds in satisfying the demands of his creditors and fully establishing his own integrity, his health rapidly declines and he leaves Justina a second time an orphan and pennyless. She sustains the deep affliction with christian fortitude, and returns to her native city. The scene lies afterwards partly in New York, partly in an interior town on the Hudson, and partly in Philadelphia. Justina passes through very many trials, but unfailingly draws consolation and support from the only true source of comfort. The religious character of Justina is admirably sustained throughout. The plan or plot of the story is pleasantly intricate, and in some respects original. The love affairs appear to run at cross purposes. They are however regular in being irregular, and the ladies finally succeed in gaining those they love, and making their lovers believe that they had the most discernment in selecting *them*; and also in causing them to bless their untoward stars, for disappointing their first loves, and surrendering their affections to those ladies who were prepared not only to receive but greet them. One fault which by the bye we presume will not be thought a fault by the fair, is that the ladies are drawn at-

together too beautiful to be natural; and to find so large a circle of females as that within which Justina moved, the perfection of personal beauty is quite out of keeping. The heroine is possessed of so many mental attractions, united with such loveliness of character, that we think she might well have shared a few of her personal attractions to other less favored damsels. And it is wholly unnecessary for her to smite so many with her lovely eyes. As to the will some will probably think it a failure. Justina having found favor in the eyes of a venerable and rich old gentleman in Philadelphia, he makes his will and leaves all his wealth to her and his absent nephew, on certain conditions that afterwards occasion some very perplexing and painful embarrassments; and the situation of the lovely girl, in the midst of her dilemmas excites great interest. The whole work breathes a spirit of purity piety and benevolence; and the fortitude, good faith and generosity of Justina, furnish the most striking examples of these noble virtues. The view taken of Religion is excellent. It is portrayed in the living characters of loveliness, gentleness, benevolence and beauty. It is a religion of the heart, and shews its reality by its actions. It is not *talking religion only*, but *living it*. The work contains no bitterness nor invective, nor any thing which appears unfair or illiberal; and we should think no person of feeling can read it without having his or her heart improved. The poetical mottos prefixed to the chapters are peculiarly beautiful and appropriate, and evince the exercise of a fine taste in their selection. As we have already extended these remarks farther than we had anticipated, and as our object was merely to give our readers some general idea of the nature of this publication, which we think deserving of attention on several accounts, we shall conclude by observing that the work is from the pen of a lady, a resident of Albany, and the daughter of a late eminent and highly respected clergyman of this city. As a specimen of the spirit and execution of the work, we shall give an extract in our miscellaneous department to-morrow.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF JUSTINA, OR THE WILL.

"The important evening at length arrived, and Mrs. and Miss Mortimer, Miss Rushbrook and Justina, accompanied by Ferdinand, made their entree at Mrs. Islington's. They found a large company assembled. Justina's heart beat in spite of her philosophy, as she was led by Ferdinand, amidst the "gaze of admiring crowds" (as Arlington called it) up to Mrs. Islington: and she was glad to be seated. She then cast her eyes around her to view the scene. Damask hangings, richly infringed, nearly covered the walls; and in the interval were mirrors surrounded with lights, which multiplied the company. From the ceiling hung a large crystal chandelier, which, amidst its blaze of light, sparkled with the brilliancy of diamonds, and brought to her imagination the palace of Aladin, in the Arabian Nights.

The floors were adorned with carpets, from which you might almost expect to pluck the roses. There were several rooms opened, filled with company in every variety of gay and splendid dress. Justina looked around to take a more particular survey of the lively scene; but she was glad to relinquish the attempt, for she found every eye was fixed on herself. Many had heard of her, and but few had seen her; and she now burst on them with a beauty so resplendent, that they could not restrain their expressions of surprise and admiration. She shrunk abashed and agitated, at being so much the object of attention, whilst her deepening cheeks and the timid glances, she ventured at times to cast around, heightened her beauty and her interest. Ferdinand was enchanted as he passed from one to another, hearing their remarks of rapturous admiration of one, who was so soon, he hoped, to be his own; and he was constantly approaching her with some smiling beau to be introduced. The band of music struck up with animating strains, and resounded from the next apartment. Justina was led with the rest to the dancing room declining at every step solicitations for the honor of her hand in the dance.

Seated in the dancing room, she found the gay folks more occupied with each other; she therefore rejoiced in the opportunity of being able to look about her, without being stared out of countenance. Miss Delway stood facing her, dancing in a cotillon, with Ferdinand for a partner. Her beauty was enhanced by every art of dress; her robes were

of lace, trimmed with lamma flowers, which glittered as she moved in the dance; a lamma turban; not folded like Charlotte's and Miss Rushbrook's, to give a softness to the face, but raised high in a style of royalty, and with tall, sparkling plumes, gave her the appearance of an oriental princess; her beauty, too, was of that dazzling kind which suited such a dress, and Justina could not but acknowledge she had never seen one of superior splendor. Charlotte looked extremely handsome; she was pleased with her appearance, and of course with all around her; she felt, too, something like a drawing kindness for Justina, as in part the cause of her evenings pleasure. Justina observed Mrs. Mortimer, who was seated among some of the elder ladies; she had great court paid to her by both old and young; it was a scene suited to her ideas of happiness, and she felt all her consequence in the possession of a son and daughter so much the ton.

There were many other subjects that engaged or rather distracted the attention of Justina. Mrs. Islington introduced her to numerous ladies and gentlemen, with whom she exchanged a few words of uninteresting import. Next to Justina, the loveliest object in the room was Mary Rushbrook; her manners spread a charm all around her. When Miss Delway spoke, her countenance had an air as if she honoured all she conversed with; this was in a more or less degree, according to the rank of those who addressed her. Those whose standing in society was not quite so established as her own, she treated with supercilious hauteur. Indeed, Justina soon perceived all the different grades of the gentility of those who approached Miss Delway by her manner of receiving them. The most she wondered at was, that so many put themselves in the way of being mortified by her scorn; for they all seemed by their manner to assent to Miss Delway's own opinion of herself: that it was great distinction to receive even a look of recognition from her. The manners of Miss Rushbrook were entirely different; she was polite, and ready to converse with all whom she thought deserving her esteem; but her most cordial affability was reserved for those who had the most humble pretensions to notice, and whom others neglected. The discerning eye of Justina could at times discover a beautiful shade crossing her brow, but it was soon chased away,

and she seemed to have lashed her spirits into uncommon animation; for all were crowding around her, desirous to catch some of her sportive remarks, and to partake of what others appeared to enjoy so much.

Justina now began to be weary of the glare of the scene; the wildering feelings resembling pleasure, which its novelty, noise and brilliancy had excited, subsided, and she longed for quiet and for home.

She began to moralize on all around.—“How,” thought she, “can rational beings engage in such scenes, night after night, wasting health, time and fortune. Here is no true social intercourse; vapid compliments, spoken only from the lip, and scarcely reaching the ear; remarks on each other’s dresses and looks; some little conversation on passing events, common-place inquiries, flippant repartees, and smiles of unmeaning mirth, make up the enjoyment of such a scene. Perhaps the dancers may be better off; they have at least the relief of motion;—but I am certainly out of my element; one fireside evening with an intelligent friend, or even with my work or book, has far more charms for me.”

She was interrupted in her reflections by Miss Rushbrook; “I have been wanting to speak to you all the evening, but you have been such a belle, that there was no getting near you.”

“A belle?” said Justina smiling.

“Yes, certainly; don’t you know that you have been the belle of the room?”

“If being a belle, means one calculated to shine in such scenes as these, I wish not to be one,” said Justina.

“But how can you help yourself?” said Miss Rushbrook:

“I shall find a way to help myself, after this evening.”

“O! you are a most ungrateful belle.”

Ferdinand having finished his dance and led his partner to her seat, and hoped she was not fatigued, joined them; “What think you about going home,” said he; “our carriage has been here an hour.”

“How late is it?”

“One o’clock.”

Justina expressed great surprise at its being so late: “One o’clock!” said she, “it is indeed no wonder I am so tired.”

He went for his mother and sister, and they all took their

leave. "O!" cried Charlotte, "what a delightful ball; I danced every time; do tell me Miss Melross, and own the truth, did you ever witness so splendid a display?"

"Infinitely more so," said Justina.

"Where?" cried she, with great surprise.

"I have seen," said she, "the rocks, and woods and waterfalls round A——, and I have seen the glorious clouds of every hue, gilded by the sun, as it was hiding itself behind the distant hills."

"That A—— must be a wonderful place," said Miss Rushbrook; "I intend to visit it the first opportunity I can get."

"But, Miss Melross," said Charlotte, "I thought you enjoyed yourself very much this evening; you had a great deal of conversation with the gentlemen."

"If there were no secrets which I have no business with," said Miss Rushbrook; "I should like to know what your conversation with the gentlemen was about."

"O, I will tell you all that I can remember, very willingly; they said that the ladies looked remarkably well this evening—that it was a fine room for dancing—that it was warm—that the spring was backward—ten of them asked if I had read the Fortunes of Nigel—and how I liked it—they asked how I pronounced Nigel—five of whom had no doubt it was written by Walter Scott—the other five thought it somewhat questionable."

"O, you were in great luck," said Miss Rushbrook; "I assure you that you have had a very literary conversation."

THE BARON'S BRIDAL.

I had been out several hours amidst the Highlands of Scotland with my pointer and gun, and the day was almost half over, when I whistled to the dog, and set off in search of the habitation of a Highlander, which I had formerly had recourse to on like occasions; when fatigued with the exertion of rambling through places fit only for the residence of savages, and wet and weary, the hospitable hearth and foaming cup of my white headed host were more acceptable than can be easily imagined, except by those who have been in like situations. I was received with the usual hearty welcome into the Highlander's cabbin, for it could

scarce lay claim to a higher title; though it was spacious and convenient, and enlivened with that content and happiness of which more splendid mansions are too often destitute. Round the blazing fire was seated three generations. Donald himself and his ancient spouse forming one; a young woman, their daughter and her husband, making the second link in the family chain; and their children, a prattling boy and girl, who hung upon the knees of their grandfather, or amused themselves with teasing a large dog that good naturedly suffered himself to be tormented without testifying the slightest anger, being the third. Having refreshed myself, and had some conversation with my friend, the deepening tints of the western sky began to remind me, that I had several miles to return over a country almost impassable to any but its natives, and that unless I made the best of my way home, darkness would overtake me before I reached it. I inquired the nearest road back; when the old man pointed out to me a kind of path which wound about a lofty hill, and afterwards descending would bring me by the high road to my residence in the village. "But surely," said I, "there is a nearer way than round that mountain?" "There is a way to be sure,—but——" the old man stopped, he looked cautiously around, and seemed doubtful whether to proceed. "But what? If there is a shorter road what is there to prevent me from taking it?" "It is dangerous to go that way," replied he, "especially as the evening is advancing."—"What is there any fear of robbers?"—"No, no, but——" "But what?" I repeated; what else is there to fear?—"The road of which I speak," answered the old man, "lies through a spot which is visited by fearful beings." "Oh! and so a spirit is the occasion of your alarm; I fear no evil from beings of another world, so point out the way and let me go."—"You must not, shall not go," exclaimed both father and son; "if you should see the Spirit, your life might be in danger." How why, and for what cause, does any preternatural appearance haunt this spot, of which you seem to entertain so great a horror?" "It is a strange, a fearful story," replied Donald, "and will detain you beyond your time."—But my curiosity being awakened, was not so easily satisfied, and I at last prevailed on him to relate to me the history of this haunted Glen.

"You have doubtless," said the old man, "during your excursions, observed a tower, which stands alone amidst

heaps of stone and other ruins" "I have."—"That tower is now all that remains of a proud castle which was once reared there: the tower has stood while thicker walls, and stronger roofs have fallen!—while other buildings have been borne down by time or storms, that tower has remained unmoved by tempests, and braving the fury of those lightnings which have levelled their destroying fires at its summit. A preternatural strength is said to be attached to it, in consequence of the events which it has witnessed. Many years ago, I have heard, for what I am about to tell you happened long before my day, the fortress, of which that tower formed a part, was the habitation of a nobleman of whom many dark things have been said. The lord of Gleniscair was ambitious, dark, and revengeful, feared and detested by his vassals; and disliked by his equals and superiors; stern and haughty, his looks spoke the mind within. His brow was frowning, half hid by the black hair which hung over it, but his eye is said to have been the most peculiar part of his countenance; it was black, but it blazed with the strangest lustre, and few could sustain without horror its unspeakable glance. It had a wild but determined expression, almost fiendish. His stature was approaching to gigantic, giving him a commanding appearance, which, combined with his stern visage, inspired an unaccountable awe, a fearful feeling, as if the being you looked upon was of a different nature, the inhabitant of another world. The baron of Gleniscair had a wife as different from himself as morning from midnight: it was the union of an angel with a demon.—of purity with corruption. Some years after their marriage, an opportunity offered to the baron of acquiring a great increase of power and riches by wedlock—but he was already married. Ambition was his ruling passion, his wife stood between the object which he wished, and he hated her; while his cruel treatment but too well corresponded with his feelings. On a sudden, however, his behaviour was changed, he became gentle in his behaviour, and her grateful heart returned it tenfold. One day, he proposed to hunt upon the morrow, and seemed to wish for her attendance. She complied with his request, and he seemed fonder than ever of her. The morning came, and hounds and horsemen issued forth, and spread over the country in pursuit of the game. The chase was continued till evening, when it was suddenly discovered that the baron

and his lady was missing. In the heat of the sport it had not been before remarked, and some degree of alarm seized on his attendants. They waited, but in vain; they sought for them, but they were not to be found. At last, when all search had proved useless, and the sportsmen were gathered together, musing on the probable fate of those whom they had so vainly sought, some one called out that he saw the baron. All eyes were turned to the spot to which the speaker directed them, and they plainly saw their lord approaching at full speed, his horse foaming and panting with exertion, and he himself violently agitated—"Your lady, have you seen her? speak, know you aught of her?" he exclaimed. "Our lady? the lady of Glenliscair!" was the astonished answer. "Yes, fools, where is she? have you seen her? speak, or by ——" "We have not, we have sought far and wide for her and you, my lord, but all in vain," "Ideots!"—but checking himself he proceeded: "In the midst of the chase I perceived she was missing; fearful lest some evil should have happened to her, I rode back alone, unwilling to mention my alarms. At a distance I once thought I saw her, and spurred on my steed; but the object vanished from my sight, and wearied, exhausted, and full of doubt concerning your lady, I turned back; but having lost myself in this fruitless endeavor to find her whom I sought, I was long ere I could regain you; and now, alas! you add despair to fearfulness, and certainty to doubt!—But I ought not to trifle away time thus;—follow me!" and with these words they again departed in search of her, whom they were doomed never again to behold—at least in human shape.

"Within six months after this happened, the lord of Glenliscair made preparations for a second marriage; the sable marks of mourning gave place to splendid ornaments and decorations; and every thought of the baron seemed swallowed up in that of his approaching nuptials. The day at length arrived: it was passed in feasting and revelry; every eye was lighted up with joy; and at length the moment came which was to unite the baron to the new object of his affections; or, rather, of his ambition. All was ready; the holy man who was to perform the ceremony had already commenced; but when he asked if any one knew aught of impediment to the marriage, some one from the farther part of the room cried out—"I do!" The voice was familiar to all present save the bride, yet no one at the moment could remember it. The baron frowned—"Who dares?" he was

saying, when a figure sprang between him and the lady,—
‘I dare! I forbid it!’ All gazed with horror on the unexpected and unwelcome messenger; it was the form of a woman, swoln and discoloured: her long tresses dripping with water, and her pale and sickly cheeks seemed the residence of corruption. Her blue and watery eyes were fixed on the baron, while with a voice that thrilled through every vein, she sang,—

‘The moon beam glistening on the wave
Shines on thy bridal bed;
Where the tide that is thy true love’s grave
Shall float above thy head.

In vain I pray’d—you plung’d me in,
Where deep the waters roll;
But heavy now that deed of sin
Shall seek thy parting soul!

Then away! away! this night you rest
Beneath the darkling tide;
Thy pillow shall be my mouldering breast,
And I will be thy bride.’

“The fearful form vanished, and he to whom the spirit’s song was addressed fell lifeless on the floor;—all assistance was in vain, he had obeyed his summons! and since that time the Glen of Strathenwater has been the residence of the spirit of lady Glenliscair; then let me entreat you,” concluded the old man, “to shun the haunted spot, for wo be to him that looks upon such forbidden things.”

I confess my purpose was for a moment startled by this strange tale, though I did not, could not credit it, but it was only for a moment. I very speedily banished all fear of spiritual dangers, and set forth despite of the warm entreaties of the family. Thanking them for their kindness, however, I at length proceeded; my dog accompanied me, and I made the best use of my time to get home before dark. This I thought, with expedition, I could accomplish: the sun, it is true, had disappeared, but the rich splendor of his beams rested on the clouds, which gathered brightness from his setting; visions of unsubstantial beauty flitted around the scene of his departure. The scenery around me was grand, but rugged; it was nature unattired with decoration, the rough unpolished stone, not the smooth, polished and glittering gem.

At length I arrived at the spot which I judged, from the account of my host, was the place of terror. I sat down upon a stone for a moment to rest, for I felt very tired, and I thought of the wild tales of Highland tradition, of Ossian, of the spirit of Bruma, when it occurred to me that I might be then sitting on the stone of power. I started to examine it; but it appearing from its shape to be modern, I again ventured to re-occupy it. Strange thoughts came upon me: I thought the various objects which I beheld assumed new forms; I saw strange figures moving to and fro; the place suddenly re-assumed its original appearance, and I gazed with horror and astonishment on the figure of which I had heard, swoln, pale and deathly, rising from the water!—I heard its horrible voice singing the words it sang at the baron's wedding. The fearful sound was mingled with the scream of birds, and the roar of the cataract; but it was heard clearly above all. I felt some invisible hand drag me towards the spectre!—I did not tremble, for I was almost frozen with horror. I strove to speak, but my voice failed me; I was irresistibly drawn towards the water; when summoning every faculty, I sprang back, and starting from my uneasy slumber, found myself still sitting on the stone; where my dog, tired with waiting, was tugging at the skirts of my coat. I had been dreaming there, I imagined, nearly two hours, for the moon was up, and shone on the rippling waves with her sweetest lustre. I set off once more at full speed, and at length reached my habitation, internally execrating the foul fiend who had so long detained me from my own comfortable fireside.

JUVENILE EXERCISES.

LINES

Written near the tomb of an infant sister, and presented as a school exercise, by Miss A—— W. T——, of the Lexington Female Academy.

Beneath yon high embowering pines
My darling infant sister sleeps;
Around the tomb, green ivy twines,
The rose-buds bloom, the woodbine creeps.

With me were passed her early hours,
Ah, me! in infant joys how blest!
The fairest, sure, of human flowers,
But cropt, too soon, and laid at rest.

Yes, thou are gone, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form;
Clos'd is that sweet ethereal flower,
That never felt life's cruel storm.

There sleep, sweet babe, in silence sleep,
'Till JESUS calls the just to rise;
'Thy doom no more will Anna weep—
We'll meet again, beyond the skies.

L. F. A.

LINES

TO MY FATHER ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

See from the East, what blushes rise,
What golden tints appear;
Oh, see those brilliant streaks arise—
The king of day is near.

And see, from yonder grassy bed,
Fresh spangled with the dew,
The snow-white lily rears its head,
The rose-bud starts to view.

Oh, listen to the gentle fall
Of waters, murmuring near;
And hark, the thrush's plaintive call,
By echo answered clear.

Oh, let me seize those varying hues,
And paint them in my lay,
An offering from my youthful muse,
Upon thy *natal day*.

And let me twine the blushing rose;
And lily fair to see,

With every fragrant flower that blows;
To form a wreath for thee.

Oh, could I catch the dying fall
Of waters soft and clear,
And join it to the thrush's call,
To soothe and charm thine ear.

But no; too soon morn's blushes fade,
Too soon they die away;
And, ah! too soon the wreath 's decayed,
Tho' late so fresh and gay.

The winter's cold will hush the stream,
That murmured soft and sweet;
The thrush will leave chill Autumn's beam,
For some more mild retreat.

But I will take the heart's warm dyes
To decorate my song;
Affection's colour never flies,
'Tis always fresh and strong.

And I will wreath the flowers of love,
And place them on thy brow,
And every hour they 'll fresher prove,
Though bright and blooming now.

The voice that 's tuned by filial love,
No cold shall ever hush;
When blows the storm, *that* voice shall prove
Far sweeter than the thrush.

Though dark and dreary life may be,
Though filled by woe's keen smart,
The colours, wreath, and voice, for thee,
Shall live—in Anna's heart.

And Oh, may Heaven still grant my prayer,
That thou mayest happy live,
And *many* a birth-day, void of care,
To thee the future give.

L. F. A.

THE GREEK PATRIOT.

Farewell to my country, my kinsmen and friends!
By Pagans torn from you, no more to return:
Dark, dark, is my prison, the dwelling of fiends;
The plaints of a Christian the Turks coldly spurn.

I have heard in vile chains my poor countrymen rave,
I have heard the deep groans, too, resound in the cell;
I have seen the grim murderer's sword proudly wave,—
At his feet while his victim, unpitied, fell.

But, proud turban'd chieftain! now wo to thy cause,
No more to a tyrant, oppress'd, will we bend;
We fight for our country, its freedom, and laws,
And these, with our lives, we have sworn to defend.

Though I may be doomed to fall by the foe,
Though thousands may bleed on the graves of their sires,
Yet avengers shall rise, till the Tyrant shall know,
That Greece is triumphant, tho' Turkey expires.

L. F. A.

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING HOWARD'S GROVE.

Farewell, Howard's Grove! all thy pleasures are gone,
Farewell to thy hills, to thy vallies adieu;
The loss of my kindred I ever shall mourn,
And thy sweet winding paths I shall never review.

Farewell to the warblers, that sing in thy grove,
Farewell to the brooks, too, that water thy glades;
For HOWARD has gone to the regions above,
And sorrow and mourning now sadden thy shades.

Farewell to thy flowers, thy fruits, and thy shrubs,
Farewell to thy brambles, thy thickets, and thorns,
For MARY, the matron, that grac'd thee in youth,
Has soared beyond whirlwinds, and tempests, and storms.

Farewell to thy rocks, to thy caverns, and cells,
Farewell to the mounds, that the savage has made;
Lo! nature has doomed thee, in silence to mourn,
For thy children, to sleep in cold marble, are laid.

Gloom, silence, and solitude, rest on the spot,
Where the hopes of the HOWARDS too early have perished;
But the traces of memory shall ne'er be forgot,
By the friends whom they lov'd, and the friends whom they
cherished.

L. F. A.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY MASON.*By a School-mate.*

Lately, like a young rose, sweet maid,
I saw thee in thy bloom;
A short week pass'd, and thou art laid
Low in the silent tomb.

And, like that sweet frail flower, my friend,
Thy body shall decay;
But thy pure soul shall high ascend,
To realms of lasting day.

L. F. A.

VALEDICTORY.

We have thus completed the second, and we regret to add, the LAST volume of the *Masonic Miscellany*. We have struggled hard to keep alive this little repository of Masonic intelligence, Masonic principles, and general literature, but we are compelled at length to surrender it to its inevitable fate. The list of our punctual, *paying* subscribers is far too small to sustain the expenses of the work, and those who have been disposed to patronize us with their names without the addition of any pecuniary support, have been much more numerous than we either expected or desired. Had our pages been exclusively occupied by our own pro-

ductions, we should have attributed our failure to our own inefficiency; but having so extensive a field for selection, and having laid under contribution wit, eloquence, and learning, we are confident of the merit and interest of our Miscellany, and regret the necessity of discontinuing its publication. The opinion expressed at the commencement of our career, that such a work is calculated to be eminently useful to the fraternity, has been strengthened and confirmed by experience; and we have had the satisfaction of learning from several quarters that the value of this publication has been highly appreciated and generally acknowledged. Those however, who have been most strongly convinced of its importance, have not always been the most zealous in its support, and many have found it much easier to commend our exertions and wish us success, than to give us their substantial patronage or to use any efforts for the increase of our subscription. Fortunately for our sublime and glorious institution, it is destined to flourish and increase, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of its professed friends, and the unmasonic deportment of many of its votaries. Fortunately too, it requires not the aid of our feeble exertions to give it stability or to gain for it the respect and esteem which it so eminently deserves. Masonry will continue, not only to stand firm, but to acquire additional *strength*, and to display increased *wisdom* and *beauty*, until "time shall be no more."

To such of our friends as may still be disposed to patronize a work of this kind, we cheerfully and confidently recommend the "MASONIC REGISTER AND LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE," published at New York by comp. Luther Pratt, and the "MASONIC CASKET," published at Enfield, New Hampshire, by comp. Ebenezer Chase, the former at three, and the latter at two dollars a year, eastern currency, for either of which we will receive and forward subscriptions.

